

Zazu's in Charge

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Summary: When Zazu is put in charge of the Pride Lands for the day, Scar and Hago see this as their golden opportunity to take over. Can Simba and Nala protect the pride for just one day?

***Chapter 1*: Chapter 1: Simba, I Love You**

AN: Another story, fresh from the sewers to you! I mean my computer, of course. Not that... sewers thing...

Zazu's in Charge

Chapter One: Simba, I Love You

"Simba... I love you," Nala admitted, caressing Simba's cheek softly. "I've loved you for as long as I can remember."

Simba couldn't help but smile as he stared into her eyes. "I love you too, Nala."

"Then kiss me," Nala instructed, although it sounded more like an order than an instruction.

They moved closer to each other, their muzzles getting closer, closer and closer until...

Simba shot up, wide awake! He rubbed his burning cheek, and turned his head suspiciously in the direction of his best friend, Nala. She had a disapproving look on her face, and Simba realised he had fallen asleep again.

He smiled at her. "I did it again, didn't I?"

Nala nodded, smiling back. "You've been doing that a lot lately, you little sleepy-head. You seemed to be dreaming about something *really* happy, though."

"What do you mean?" Simba asked, thinking nervously back to the rather romantic dream he'd had a few minutes ago.

Simba had a crush on his best friend, and it wasn't the type of thing he'd shout out to the entire world. He was far too shy to admit that. No one else knew about this secret he was keeping – well, except for Zazu, and that came as a surprise even to Simba, because he was the *last* person Simba would tell a secret to, especially a secret as secretive as this.

Why did he like Nala so much? Well, she was the most amazing person you could ever know. At least, to Simba she was. She was happy, bright and fun. Simba couldn't help but want to cuddle her and hold her close to him whenever he saw her; she was that adorable.

Simba's dream of Nala admitting she had feelings for him was unlikely to ever come true. After all, Nala never really expressed much of an interest in Simba. She thought of him as a friend, and nothing more. That just made Simba sad. *Really* sad. This was because he knew he'd have to watch as Nala grew up and went off to be with someone else, most likely leaving him behind. It was something the young cub couldn't bear to think about, because it broke his heart every time.

"Simba, you looked like you were really happy while you were sleeping," Nala told him. "And I mean *really* happy. What were you dreaming about?"

"I forget," Simba lied. "All I remember is that it felt really good." He shrugged. "I feel like I spend more time sleeping than I spend awake. For me, that's a really bad thing."

"Why?" Nala asked. "This may be a shock, but sleep is actually *good* for you, Simba. It helps you to, you know, *not* die."

"I know what sleep does," Simba informed her. "The Prince knows everything."

"Except on how to pin me," she teased, grinning.

Simba rolled his eyes. "Are you going to keep bringing this up all the time?"

Her grin widened. "Yes," she admitted, jumping on top of him and immediately succeeding in pinning him down. "It's good to know I can do something you can't."

"Whatever," Simba said, rolling his eyes again.

"Aw..." Nala pinched his cheek, giving him a mock sympathy look. "Is little Simba jealous?"

"I'm not jealous," Simba argued. "I don't even care if you can pin me."

"Really?" said Nala. "Then I think I'll keep you like this for the rest of the day."

"Fine," Simba agreed. "You can pin me for as long as you like. If I didn't know any better, than I'd say you're using this as an excuse to get closer to me."

"Yeah, right!" his best friend exclaimed, masking her actual feelings for him she had. "Why would I want to get closer to you?"

Nala stared into Simba's eyes, and could feel her heart begin to race again. She felt like this more and more every day now. She couldn't help it, Simba was just so wonderful to be around.

She loved every part of him. She had a different idea to most female cubs of what would make the perfect boyfriend. All the other female cubs liked their males to look strong; be tough and have a good sign that they were going to have a very thick mane when they grew up.

Simba didn't exactly fulfil any one of these requirements – he was thin, friendly, and the only thing that proved he actually *would* have a mane when he grew up was a little golden-brown tuft of fur on the top of his head.

Most other female cubs would find this completely unattractive and 'so not cool'. However, Nala wasn't like other female cubs. To her, Simba's thinness, friendliness and the tuft of fur on the top of his head made him look absolutely adorable! He was the cutest cub in the world!

Nala could never tell him how he felt, because she knew Simba wasn't interested in her. He despised it whenever she pinned him, leading her to believe that he hated her getting close to him. Obviously he had other interests when it came to girls, if he even had any. Clearly Nala wasn't his idea of a good girlfriend. She would just have to settle for second best. She'd have to watch as Simba grew up and found someone he truly loved, and left Nala behind, leaving her with only a sad memory.

Nala couldn't help herself, and collapsed on top of Simba, their chests now touching. Simba narrowed his eyes.

"Don't tell me you're getting tired too," he said to her.

Nala yawned. "Well, I am kind of... tired..." She rested her head on his chest, closing her eyes and drifting off to sleep, nuzzling him.

Simba stared at her, wide-eyed. "Hmm... I wonder if she likes me?" He thought for a moment, putting a paw to his chin as Nala nuzzled him affectionately in her sleep. "Nah," he concluded, dismissing the idea as stupid.

Simba then wanted to have a little nap. Whether it was because he was really tired or because Nala was snuggled up close to him, he didn't know. All he knew was that he didn't mind either way.

He closed his eyes, and slowly drifted off into a peaceful sleep, his mind filled with happy thoughts about his best friend...

***Chapter 2*: Chapter 2: The Acting King**

Chapter Two: The Acting King

Zazu, the King's majordomo, honestly wasn't surprised when he found Simba and Nala snuggling up to each other, sleeping peacefully down by the water hole. They were like the perfect couple – only, they didn't exactly *know* they were a couple.

Zazu landed on the ground, knowing he would have to wake them up and disturb their 'intimate' moment, because he had to tell them an important message from the King and Queen.

The bird decided on a good, old classic loud wakeup call, and spoke from the top of his voice. "Wake up!"

Simba and Nala's eyes snapped open and they both screamed, jumping to their paws and looking around frantically.

"Okay, who is it?" Simba demanded, taking a defensive stance. "I'm not afraid to bite, you know!"

Zazu cleared his throat. "Down here."

Simba and Nala looked down at the ground. "Oh, Zazu, it's you," said Simba, realising there was no immediate danger. "What are you doing here? No, wait, let me guess, you need to babysit us. Again."

"Simba, I haven't needed to babysit you in about six weeks. Your parents think you seem to be mature enough to handle things by yourselves. Normally I would argue against such an outlandish statement, but if it saves me from getting ninety per cent of my feathers plucked then I'm quite content with it." Zazu took a deep breath. "Unfortunately, today is going to be quite a lot of hard work for me anyway."

"Why? Did Dad tell you to start herding the elephants around again?" Simba said in a teasing tone.

"Young master, you know very well your father did *not* tell me to start herding the elephants around," Zazu told him. "That was you doing a rather realistic impression of your father's voice."

Simba laughed, pretending to finally remember. "Oh, yeah." The cub then spoke in a deep voice reminiscent of his father, King Mufasa. "Zazu, go herd the elephants all day until your wings fall off."

Nala giggled at his impersonation. "I can't believe you actually fell for that one!"

Zazu sarcastically laughed along with them. "Very funny. Do you know how long my wings were aching for after you had me chase those grey-skinned nuisances?"

"No," replied Simba as he tried to hold in a laugh.

"A *long* time," Zazu told them. "It wasn't pleasant, and you're very lucky I didn't tell your parents about that event."

"Okay, okay, we're sorry, Zazu, and we won't do it again," Simba apologised, sharing a sneaky look at Nala. "Unless we get bored one day," he whispered to her, causing her to giggle.

"I heard that!" Zazu snapped.

"Come on," said Simba. "Why are you going to be so 'exhausted' today?"

"Because your parents are leaving this morning to go sort out an issue in another pride," Zazu explained. "So they're leaving the kingdom in my perfectly capable wings."

Simba burst out laughing. "You? I didn't know you were so good at making jokes, Zazu."

"It's not a joke, you furry little troublemaker. Unlike you, I actually have a decent reputation, and clearly your father has seen it fit for me to be the acting King while he and your mother are away." Zazu wiped a tear from his eye. "My mother would be so proud."

"You have a mother?" said Nala, surprised.

"Of course I have a mother," Zazu told her. "Were you under the assumption that a stork delivered me? Her name is Zuzu and she happens to be a very kind, caring mother."

"Who only changes one letter in her name to make your name," Simba commented. "Is that a bird tradition or

something?"

Zazu slapped a wing to his face. "This is getting tiresome. I'd love to stay and chat, discussing how the names of all my family members are ridiculous and all, but I'm afraid your parents have requested that you are present when they leave." Zazu turned around, ready to leave. "Now if you'll excuse me, I'm—"

"Off to herd some elephants?" Simba suggested before bursting out laughing again.

Zazu groaned, feeling just about ready to rant angrily at the two cubs. But then he decided to approach this differently, and turned around slowly to face the two cubs, a smile on his face.

"Well, if you keep laughing at me then I'll tell you something that will make you laugh even harder," Zazu informed them. "Simba, why don't I tell Nala your little secret?"

That made Simba stop laughing instantly. "What secret?"

Zazu raised an eyebrow, knowing he had Simba right where he wanted him. "You know what secret, Simba. That very *special* secret."

"What secret is this?" Nala asked, her interest piqued.

"Oh..." Simba laughed nervously. "It's nothing."

"So, Simba, are you going to keep insulting me, or do I have to let your secret out?" Zazu threatened.

"Uh, I'll stop insulting you," Simba answered, terrified that Zazu would expose his secret to Nala that he had a crush on her, and a big one at that.

Zazu smiled, satisfied that he had gotten his point across. "Very good. Now you'd better be at Pride Rock pronto, because I have the sneaky suspicion that your antics have caused you to be late."

Zazu then took off, leaving Simba and Nala alone to make the journey back to Pride Rock. Nala was staring at Simba suspiciously.

"Simba, what secret is he talking about?" Nala asked.

"It's nothing," Simba replied, looking down at the ground. "Just something stupid."

"Come on, you can tell me," said Nala, jumping in front of him. "I'm your best friend, right? Best friends shouldn't keep secrets from each other."

Simba looked up at her, and felt his insides begin to melt when he saw the smile Nala was giving him. He *loved* that smile!

"Well... the secret is that..." Simba found himself almost telling Nala the secret, but then he changed his mind and decided to lie. "I'm kinda scared of... not being a good King when I'm older," he falsely admitted, an ashamed look on his face.

Nala laughed, thinking that was quite an absurd thing to be afraid of. "Oh, Simba," she said, putting a comforting paw on his shoulder. "You'll be a great King. You've got the right heart for it."

Simba stared into her eyes, feeling his heart warm again. She seemed to have so much confidence in him. She really was the best friend anyone could ever hope to have.

AN: Cuteness to the max! Looks like Zazu's King for the day. I guess you can tell it's not going to go very well...

***Chapter 3*: Chapter 3: Scar's Secret Hideout**

AN: Time to find out what Scar's been up to ever since he disappeared a few stories ago. See you on the other side.

Chapter Three: Scar's Secret Hideout

"Things are getting ridiculous," Scar said to himself as he sat on a rock in the middle of the jungle, surrounded by his hyena 'friends', although he preferred to think of them as slaves. "We cannot go on like this."

"Well, Scar, this jungle isn't so bad," said Banzai as he munched on some bugs he had found under a log. "It's better than that old place we used to live in."

Scar grabbed Banzai by the throat, something he found himself doing more often now. "You idiot!" he snapped furiously. "It's the Pride Lands I want! Nothing else!"

He threw Banzai to the ground violently. He laughed nervously. "Yeah, the Pride Lands, sure."

Scar's villainous schemes had been exposed to the population of the Pride Lands, when he and a lion called Hago worked together to kidnap Nala and hold her hostage. Simba rescued her, and they told everyone about the evil schemes Scar had been plotting for a very, very, very long time.

Naturally, King Mufasa had ordered a wide search for Scar, doing his best to make sure that his psychotic brother was captured and punished for the crimes against the kingdom he had committed.

Luckily – for Scar and his minions – he had managed to evade capture by the pride, and had moved from the Outlands with the hyenas to the jungle just beyond the borders of the Pride Lands. It was the closest Scar could get to the kingdom without being apprehended.

He wasn't going to give up on trying to take over the kingdom he lusted for so much. He was *never* going to give up. He wouldn't rest until the Pride Lands were his and everyone bowed down before him, worshipping him as the greatest King they had ever laid eyes on!

Scar's luck hadn't been too good. There hadn't really been any opportunities at all for Scar to exact a takeover plan, because security had been increased around the Pride Lands ever since it was revealed what Scar had been doing behind everyone's back.

Scar had tried to remain optimistic. Surely an opportunity would come along sooner or later, right? It *had* to! It was his destiny to become the King! He'd do anything to make that happen!

It didn't look like it was going to happen anytime soon, though. Scar had tried and failed numerous times to make his dream come true, but every time his plans had been foiled. And ever since his villainous schemes had been revealed, things had just gotten worse, and worse, and *worse*...

He owed his sudden exile due to those two irritating cubs, Simba and Nala. Prince Simba was the reason Scar wasn't first in line to become King in the first place! Scar thought he was finally going to achieve his dream when he kidnapped that little brat Nala and held her hostage, knowing full well that Simba – because of his growing feelings for her – would come to her rescue. He could have killed them *both* then!

Unfortunately, the two troublemakers had managed to evade their execution without a scratch, and forced Scar into exile in the jungle.

A week now he had resided there, and the strain of it was beginning to take its toll on him. If he had to wait just another day, then he was seriously considering a proper assault on the Pride Lands, challenging the King to a fight to the death for the kingdom.

That was something Scar would only use as a last resort, when things went terribly wrong. This was because he wasn't exactly all that much use in a battle. But things were going terribly wrong at the moment...

"So, Scar," said Shenzi, walking over to him. "Any new plans for today?"

Scar glared at her, frowning. "What do you think? Of course I don't have any new plans for today. Like I said to you yesterday, I'm completely out of plans and schemes! Ever since that fool Hago showed up everything's gone rapidly downhill for me! Will I ever receive my reward for the torment I have suffered?"

"We could always stay here," Shenzi suggested. "It's not *that* bad. There's plenty of food and water and—"

"Do you honestly expect me to live off of putrid insects and water that other creatures bathe in?" Scar retorted. "That's not enough! You all know what I want, what I *need*!"

Shenzi rolled her eyes. "The Pride Lands," she answered.

"Exactly!" Scar exclaimed. "But until I can think of another plan we're pretty much stranded here." He tapped his claws on the rock he was sitting on in thought. "I need to get inspiration from somewhere..."

Scar was suddenly struck by an idea, and chuckled evilly— something he hadn't done for quite some time. "Actually, I might have a little plan."

Shenzi looked at Scar. "What is it?"

"Well, I say a plan. A mean a job, actually," Scar explained. "I want you to go into the Pride Lands."

"What?" Shenzi exclaimed. "Why do you want me to go into the Pride Lands? I'll get killed straight away!"

"I want you to spy on the kingdom and see what's going on," Scar told her. "If you're sneaky about it then I'm sure you won't be caught. Surely you can do it. You hyenas must be good at something other than laughing like idiots. Wait, you *are* idiots. How absurd of me to pretend you weren't."

Shenzi sighed. She wasn't going to like this, but she knew that if she didn't she have to put up with Scar moaning and complaining for the rest of her pathetic life. Still, at least it gave her something to do, and it might assist Scar in his takeover of the Pride Lands, something which didn't seem to be going so well. Then again, when had it ever actually gone well in the first place?

"Okay," Shenzi said to Scar, nodding. "I'll do it."

Scar smiled. "Good. Oh, and by the way, if you fail to collect any significant information then you'll be on the menu tonight."

Shenzi gulped nervously. She turned around and walked off, tapping Banzai with her paw. He had a worm dangling out of his mouth, and was busy slurping it up.

"Come on, we got a job to do," she told him.

Banzai nodded as he slurped the worm down. "Right. Let me get some food for the go," he said, before grabbing a few beetles and cramming them into his mouth. "Let's go."

***Chapter 4*: Chapter 4: Away For the Day**

Chapter Four: Away For the Day

"Now, be careful when you do this, Bora, because it really hurt the last time," Hago warned his brother, as he lay down on the ground in the Outlands. His brother was making another attempt to try and fix his back.

Ever since Scar moved out of the Outlands, Hago had moved in. After the search for Scar had died down, the Outlands had been left empty and deserted, leaving plenty of room that Hago could use while he plotted and schemed to take over the Pride Lands.

"I can't make any promises," Bora told Hago, raising his paw to hit Hago on the back. "You know how you suffer with your back."

"Too much," Hago said, nodding. "Just hit it and get it over with."

"Oh, okay then," he said, before slamming his paw down on Hago's back, causing him to cry out loudly in pain.

"What's wrong?" Bora asked, as Hago whimpered, tears in his eyes.

"Wrong bone," Hago replied, wincing in pain.

Bora patted his back sympathetically, inadvertently hurting Hago even more. "Don't worry about it. I'm sure things will get better."

"Things would get better if you *stopped hitting my back!*" Hago snapped furiously.

Bora immediately took his paw away from Hago. "Oops." He laughed. "Sorry about that."

"You're always sorry. Everyone's sorry. But then, no one really is ever sorry," Hago said as he awkwardly got to his paws, his back causing him more strain than usual today, no thanks to the pathetic efforts of his older brother to make things better.

"You're talking weirdly again. You know that, right?" said Bora.

Hago took a deep sigh. Why did no one ever understand him? Not even his own flesh and blood knew how he felt. Hago was always the one to be left out of everything. He was the outcast, the freak, the nobody. But soon they would pay for neglecting him. They would all pay!

"My dear brother, you don't seem to understand me all that well," said Hago. "I'm having a crisis."

"Not a mid-life crisis, I hope?" his brother asked. "I had one once. I couldn't stop crying for days."

"No, you blithering idiot!" Hago snapped. "I mean like a problem!"

"And your problem is...?"

"Why, taking over the Pride Lands, of course!" Hago replied, picking his magical cobra staff up from the ground. "I need this kingdom, Bora! More than you'll ever know!"

"Uh... Why, exactly?" Bora enquired, a curious look on his face. He'd listened to his brother talking about how badly he wanted the Pride Lands too many times to count, but he never really took the time to properly explain just *why* he wanted them so much.

"Bora, Bora, Bora, you never listen, do you?" his brother replied, shaking his head. "Ask anybody, Bora, where the best place is to go. They'll reply, 'Pride Lands' every time. It's the greatest place in the world. It's flawless, perfect, eternal. Anybody who is lucky enough to be there will live the happiest life they possibly can."

"Well, why don't you just ask them nicely if you can join the pride?" Bora suggested. "Why do you need to take the kingdom over so much?"

"I'm not being the slave of King Mufasa. Nobody tells me what to do!" Hago exclaimed. "Plus, there is one little thing I forgot to mention."

"And that is...?"

"I'm not going to stop with the Pride Lands, you know. I'm going to enslave the inhabitants of the Pride Lands, and make them obedient slaves loyal only to me. It can be done easily with a few... mental alterations. I'll turn them into a mighty army, one capable of enslaving the next pride, and the next, and the next, until I've taken over all of the prides in the world!"

Hago let out a deep, evil laugh that echoed into the sky. Bora just watched him, his eyes widened because of how evil his brother was.

"Sinister," Bora commented. "Seriously, you want to have control of every lion in the world? That's a pretty tall order. I'm exempt from this whole 'slavery' thing though, right?"

"Of course," Hago agreed, nodding. "Why would I enslave you? By far you've been the greatest asset to me."

Bora breathed a sigh of relief, wiping his forehead. "Phew. I got worried for a second there. I thought you were thinking of melting my brain or something."

"No," said Hago. "I plan on melting the brains of my greatest enemies only. Which means I should start with those two little brats who foil my plans every single time."

"Oh yeah, those cute little rascals," Bora said with a smile.

"What did you say?" Hago snapped angrily.

"I said, 'Oh yeah, those irritating little idiots'," Bora lied. "Oh, how I hate them so."

"That's what I thought," Hago said as he found himself looking at a large rock that stood a few feet away from him. "I wonder if the Death Blast still works on my trusty staff?" He looked at his big brother with an evil grin. "Let's find out, shall we?"

Hago pointed his staff at the rock. Two green beams shot out from the eyes of the cobra head and hit the rock, shattering it into pieces and sending fragments of rock and stone flying all over the place.

Hago chuckled. "Ooh, that was simply despicable of me."

"The Rock God would be very disappointed," Bora remarked with a little smile.

"So, where's this other pride you're going to?" Simba asked King Mufasa, his father.

Mufasa and Sarabi were about to leave for a different pride, where they had been called to urgently to attend to a certain matter. Simba, Nala and Zazu had gathered at Pride Rock to see the two of them off.

"The pride of King Hapana," Mufasa replied. "He's my cousin, once removed."

"Why, what did he do?" Simba asked, confused.

This caused everyone to laugh. Well, except for Zazu, that is, who found Simba's question to be a very stupid one.

"Simba, it doesn't quite mean that," Mufasa told his son. "But the point is, he needs our help with a certain issue, one that he requests is kept secret, and we have to leave for the day to take care of it."

Simba frowned. "Is this the part where you tell me you put Zazu in charge?"

Mufasa nodded. "Zazu will be a perfect leader for the day, I'm sure. He'll take good care of everything. Won't you, Zazu?"

Zazu nodded. "Certainly, my King. The Pride Lands will be kept perfectly safe, I can assure you."

"Don't go getting into trouble," Sarabi warned Simba. "Just because we're away doesn't mean you can do whatever you like."

Simba groaned, pretending to look disappointed. Nala laughed from next to him.

"We'll be back by tonight," Mufasa told them. "Take care of yourselves until then."

With that, the King and Queen made their way down Pride Rock, beginning their rather lengthy journey.

"Bye!" Simba called after them. Once they were out of sight, Simba looked at Nala. "Come on, let's go."

Simba and Nala began to walk away, when Zazu followed them.

"Hold on a second," he said to the two cubs. "Where exactly do you two think you are going?"

"Uh... Somewhere," Simba replied, shrugging. "Why does it matter?"

"I'm making sure you're not getting into any mischief while your parents are gone. After all, they have entrusted me with a great honour. One that I will uphold with the utmost respect. It reminds me of an incident a few years ago when..."

Simba and Nala stared at each other while Zazu went into some boring story. He didn't seem to even know Simba and Nala were there any more.

"Let's get out of here," Simba suggested.

"Great idea!" Nala agreed, as the two of them hurried off.

AN: Ah, Zazu. His personality never fails to make me laugh. Well, that's all you're getting until tomorrow. Oh, and by the way, thanks for the reviews! They are *really* keeping me motivated to write more and more, which is good for you, and good for me too! We all win!

***Chapter 5*: Chapter 5: A Convenient Opportunity**

AN: Ready for more? That's a rhetorical question, by the way. You're going to have more whether you like it or not!

Chapter Five: A Convenient Opportunity

"You aren't gonna believe this," Shenzi told Scar upon her and Banzai's return to the jungle, having secretly been watching Mufasa and Sarabi explain why they were leaving.

"What?" Scar growled, his mind immediately assuming that the hyenas had once again failed him, and had no news that would be of any interest.

"The King and Queen are leaving," Shenzi informed him, prompting Scar to suddenly become very interested.

"Excuse me? Did I just hear you correctly?" Scar asked, hoping that what he was hearing was true.

Banzai nodded. "Yeah, they left to go to some other pride, and they put the stupid birdie in charge of things." He laughed. "Now that's funny, huh, Scar?"

Narrowing his eyes, Scar saw the immediate opportunity that had presented itself to him. With the King and Queen gone, that meant there was no one to stop him from taking over the Pride Lands. Imagine the surprise when Mufasa and Sarabi returned to discover the pride was now under Scar's control! Revenge would finally be his!

"This is excellent news!" Scar exclaimed to the two hyenas.

Shenzi and Banzai looked at each other. "It is?" they both said, surprised.

Scar smiled. "Of course! Without the King and Queen around, the Pride Lands will be all too easy to enslave! They've practically given the entire kingdom to us!"

"I guess it shouldn't be too hard to take care of the stupid bird. I don't mind crunchy food," Banzai said, his mind turning to what he wanted to eat tonight. Fried Zazu didn't sound too bad...

"It's *too* easy!" Scar declared. "All we have to do is get rid of that pathetic excuse for a majordomo and I'll be King instantly. It's quite simple, if I do say so myself. That is, provided you idiots don't manage to mess it up."

Shenzi smiled. "Oh, Scar. When have we *ever* let you down?"

"Okay, I've got chewy grass or crunchystick," Bora told Hago upon his return from the Pride Lands. Hago had sent him out to collect some food, although he wasn't exactly very successful, bringing only a few blades of grass and some sticks, which were dumped onto the ground in front of an unimpressed Hago.

"Delectable," said Hago sarcastically. "You really shouldn't have gone to all this trouble, you know."

"Are you being sarcastic?" Bora asked.

Hago rolled his eyes. "Of course I'm being sarcastic, you fool!"

"Look, it's not all that bad," Bora told his brother, looking surprisingly optimistic.

"It's a bunch of sticks and grass, Bora. Not exactly the most exquisite meal available in the Pride Lands," Hago quipped, getting the wrong idea of what Bora was trying to say to him.

Bora shook his head. "No, no, no. You don't understand what I'm trying to tell you. I overheard something quite interesting while I was on my little hunting excursion."

"Go on," Hago urged, a smile forming on his face, hopeful that his brother had collected some interesting news for him while he was out.

"Well, apparently the King and Queen are away for the day," Bora informed him. "There's some 'urgent matter' in some other pride they need to take care of."

"Seriously?" Hago exclaimed, shocked by this rare occurrence. Normally, the King and Queen would *never* leave the

Pride Lands. They were firmly fixed to their home. This was something Hago seriously didn't expect. That is, if it was true.

"Wait, wait, it gets better," Bora continued. "They've put a bird in charge of the kingdom while they're away."

Hago's eyes widened, seeing a brilliant opportunity in this. This was his chance to take over the Pride Lands without anyone around to stop him! It was perfect!

"This is brilliant!" Hago stated loudly, his voice echoing through the Outlands. "If the King's put the majordomo in charge of the Pride Lands, then that means all we have to do is get rid of him and the kingdom will be ours for the taking!"

"You're right," Bora agreed. "All you'd have to do is give that bird the old Death Blast and you'd become the King. And then you could move on to taking over all the prides in the world."

"I've just thought of a brilliant plan!" Hago revealed, an evil grin on his face. "All I have to do is give that bird the old Death Blast and I'd become King. And then I can move on to taking over all the prides in the world!" He let out one of his trademark evil laughs.

"I just said that," Bora told him.

Hago shot his brother a look. "Oh. Sorry, I didn't quite hear you. I was busy calculating my brilliant plan."

"Which isn't actually *your* plan," Bora remarked under his breath.

Hago looked up at the afternoon sky, and chuckled to himself. "The Pride Lands will be mine by tonight! No one can stand in my way!"

"Well, except for those two adorable – I mean deplorable cubs," Bora interjected, causing his brother to suddenly realise there was a little problem in his plan.

A big frown spread across Hago's face when he realised his two greatest enemies were still in the Pride Lands. "Oh, no. This is going to be a little bit more difficult than I first thought."

"Hey, why don't we kill them first?" Bora suggested.

"No, no, no, no," Hago dismissed his suggestion abruptly. "The key to dealing with those two troublesome cubs is not to come into contact with them at all. If we sneak past them, make our way up to Pride Rock and murder the majordomo, we won't have any problems. It can't be any simpler!"

"Do we kill them *after* you become King?" Bora asked.

Hago laughed. "Of course we do! I'll make it very slow and painful. I do enjoy a death filled with intense suffering. It's what makes life worth living for me."

"Did I ever tell you that you're very sadistic?"

"Many times, Bora. Many times. But all of it will pay off when the kingdom is under my control, followed soon after by all of the prides in the world!"

"Is this the part where you laugh evilly again?"

"Of course."

Hago laughed evilly again, his sinister cackles reverberating throughout the Outlands.

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: Converging on Pride Rock

Chapter Six: Converging on Pride Rock

"You know, my Mom and Dad shouldn't have put Zazu in charge of the kingdom," Simba told Nala as the two of them traipsed through a grassy field in the Pride Lands.

"Oh, yeah?" said Nala. "And who *should* they have put in charge?"

"Me, duh!" Simba replied with a grin. This caused Nala to explode with laughter. "Something funny?" Simba asked as he narrowed his eyes.

"Simba, why would they put you in charge? You're not old enough," Nala told him.

"I am so!" he declared. "I could take care of this whole place easily. Better than Zazu. I mean, he's just a little bird. He's not *big* enough to be the King."

"Oh, and you are?" Nala challenged.

"I thought you said I'd be a great King," Simba reminded her. "Or did you forget?"

"I meant when you were older," she explained.

"Great, so I'm a bad King *now*," Simba said, suddenly having a dejected look on his face.

Nala noticed the look he had, and gave him a smile. "Oh, I don't mean it like that, Simba. I was just kidding. You'd be great!"

Simba smiled back at her. Taking advantage of the situation, Nala decided to ask Simba a question she'd wanted to ask him for quite some time now.

"So... who's gonna be your Queen?" she asked, looking nervously away from him, pretending to be interested in a tree a few feet away from them.

"Huh?" Simba exclaimed, not really sure whether he'd heard Nala ask him that or not.

"Who's gonna be your Queen?" she repeated, now looking at him. "You know you have to have one *someday*."

"Well... It has to be you," Simba answered, prompting a confused look from Nala.

"What?" Nala exclaimed, thinking Simba was about to pour out to her about how much he adored her. At last, was her dream finally going to come true?

"Zazu said we were 'betrothed', so we *have* to be the King and Queen, right?" Simba explained, causing Nala to suddenly look quite depressed.

"Oh..." she said sadly, realising that Simba would only choose her because he *had* to, not because he wanted her to. "Yeah. Right."

"Quieter, you idiot!" snapped a voice from across the field. "You're making too much noise!"

Simba and Nala turned their heads in the direction of the voice, and found Hago and Bora sneaking through the field, trying their best to go unnoticed. Obviously it hadn't worked too well, because of how loud Hago sounded when he got angry; something that happened quite frequently.

"I have to be quiet?" Bora retorted. "*You're* making more noise than I am!"

"Never mind what I'm doing," his younger brother ordered. "Just concentrate on yourself."

"I'm surprised no one's noticed us yet. You're so loud today," Bora told him.

"Just shut up and keep walking!" Hago roared.

"Okay, okay, I'm walking," Bora muttered as he carried on walking through the field, trying his best not to make too much noise.

Unbeknownst to the two lions, they had already been spotted by Simba and Nala, who were now giving each other very wary looks.

"Why do I get the feeling they're after the kingdom?" wondered Simba aloud.

"Because that's what they're always after?" Nala suggested.

Simba nodded. "Yeah, great. They're after the kingdom..." A few seconds later, the realisation hit Simba and he jumped up in shock. "They're after the kingdom!" he exclaimed worriedly, turning to Nala. "What do we do?"

"Stop them?" Nala suggested, as if it were an obvious thing.

"Oh, yeah. We can do that, right?"

Nala nodded. "Yes, Simba, we can. Don't you remember that we've done it before? Like, two times."

Simba groaned, feeling like this was becoming some kind of chore. Why couldn't Hago and his annoying brother just leave them alone for the day? Was taking over the Pride Lands their hobby or something? It was getting really annoying!

"I guess they're going to kill Zazu," Nala supposed as she watched the two – arguing – lions disappear into the distance. "If they kill him then they'll be in charge!" she realised, shocked.

"We could stop them *after* they kill Zazu," Simba jokingly suggested with a grin.

"Simba!"

"I'm kidding, I'm kidding. I guess we'd better go tell him, before he gets himself hurt."

"Good idea," Nala agreed as they walked away.

"You'd better not mess this up," Scar warned Shenzi, Banzai and Ed as they made their way through the Pride Lands, heading for Pride Rock.

"Can we eat him?" Shenzi asked, referring to Zazu.

"If you must," Scar replied. "I don't particularly care, as long as he's out of the picture so I can take over."

"But what about when the King and Queen come back?" Banzai asked. "Won't they be a little, you know, mad?"

"I'll just send the rest of the hyenas after them. They won't stand a chance... I hope," he added.

"That's reassuring," Shenzi said under her breath.

"I'm sorry, but I could have sworn I heard you being *sarcastic with me!*" Scar snapped angrily.

"I wasn't being sarcastic," Shenzi defended. "I really meant it. What you said *was* really reassuring!"

Scar rolled his eyes. "Hyenas," he said, "the stupidest creatures to ever walk the Earth."

"Well, if we're so stupid then why do you keep us around?" Banzai asked.

"Sometimes I wonder myself," came the reply from Scar. "You should feel lucky to have me as your leader. You'd all starve to death if it wasn't for me."

"Good point," Shenzi smiled.

Zazu had a wary look on his face as soon as he saw Simba and Nala racing to meet him at the top of Pride Rock, urgent looks on their faces.

"I'm going to tell you two now that I don't believe whatever lie you're about to tell me," he informed the two cubs.

"We're not *going* to tell you a lie!" Simba told him. "There's two lions on their way right now who want to *kill* you!"

Zazu laughed at how absurd that sounded. "That was a pathetic lie, even by your standards, young master."

"It's true!" Nala insisted. "We can't *both* be lying!"

"Yes, you *can*," Zazu told them. "You two are practically joined at the hip. It's quite clear to me that this is some elaborate joke you want to play on me. Let me be the first to tell you that it isn't working."

"Zazu, we're not lying!" Simba exclaimed, trying to get through to him. "Do you really think we'd waste our time playing a trick on you?"

"Yes," came his reply.

Simba groaned loudly. "What does it take to get you to believe someone?"

"Maybe a little visual proof would help," suggested a familiar voice from behind them.

Simba, Nala and Zazu gasped when they saw Hago and Bora standing behind them, evil smiles on both their faces.

AN: Uh-oh! How are our cubs going to get out of this one? Find out tomorrow when the story concludes!

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: Caught in the Middle

AN: Ooh, you people and your lovely reviews! You're so brilliant! Without further delay, enjoy the end of the story!

Chapter Seven: Caught in the Middle

Zazu shot a look at Simba and Nala upon seeing the two sinister lions who most likely wanted to murder him for the kingdom.

"Why didn't you two tell me about this before?" he asked, a look that showed he was very disappointed in them.

"We *did*!" the two cubs both exclaimed.

"It won't do you much good now," Hago told them. "You can't escape us now."

"Actually, I could always fly away," Zazu protested.

"And leave us behind?" Simba said, outraged. "You chicken!"

"When things get very serious, I look out for my own best interests. In a situation like this, I find you very irrelevant," Zazu explained.

"You *are* a chicken!" Nala accused. "You'd leave us to die just so you could save yourself?"

"I'd love to say no, but unfortunately the answer is yes."

"You wouldn't be able to escape just by flying," Hago told the Hornbill. "I have a very good aim with my staff, you see."

"Oh, you don't want to kill me!" Zazu exclaimed as he began to shake with fear. "Kill the two cubs! *They're* going to be the future King and Queen! I'm only in charge for the day!" He groaned. "Oh, Mother always said there'd be days like this."

Simba and Nala stared wide-eyed at Zazu. He wasn't exactly the best at handling these types of situations. The only thing Zazu would ever be good at in a battle was playing dead, and even *that* couldn't exactly help him right now.

"I wouldn't worry," said Hago to Zazu as he aimed his staff at him. "This'll only hurt a lot."

"And just what do *you* think you're doing?" interrupted another familiar voice, this time coming from behind Hago and Bora.

Hago and Bora turned around to find Scar, who had Shenzi, Banzai and Ed standing alongside him.

"Hey, isn't that Scar?" Bora asked. "That crazy guy you worked with once?"

"I'd prefer you didn't discuss our private conversations in front of the aforementioned 'psycho'," Hago told his brother.

"Oh, sorry."

Scar groaned at the sight of Hago. "This is becoming harder than I thought," he said, putting a paw to his face. He decided to try a calm approach that might make it a little easier. "Look, this would be easier for both of us if you'd just step aside so I could kill that stupid bird, Zazu."

"Step aside?" repeated Hago. "You must be joking, Scar. I wouldn't pass up an opportunity like this for the world. When will I ever get a chance like this again to take over the Pride Lands?"

"Move out of the way now or you'll be sorry!" Scar warned, getting angrier by the second. He wasn't very good at keeping control of his temper.

"Face it, Scar – you lost. I got here before you, so it's only right that you allow *me* to kill the bird. Don't you think that's fair?"

"I don't care if it's fair or not!" Scar snapped loudly. "The Pride Lands belong to me and me only! Now step aside before I let the hyenas have you for dinner!"

"You do love a violent confrontation, don't you, Scar?" Hago continued, turning back to Simba, Nala and Zazu. Zazu was shaking violently, terrified that he might be murdered horribly any second now. "Why don't we find a peaceful solution to the problem?"

"Okay," Scar nodded. "I'll give you five seconds to come up with a peaceful solution. Five... four... three... two... one..."

"Look, why don't you kill the bird, and I'll have the two cubs?" Hago suggested.

"Hey, but who gets the kingdom then?" Bora asked.

"I get the kingdom!" Scar declared.

"We could always share it," Bora suggested. "Mondays through Wednesdays the Pride Lands belong to us. Thursdays through Saturdays they belong to Scar. We alternate Sundays. What do you think?"

"That has to be the most absurd idea I've heard in a long while," Zazu couldn't help but say aloud, despite his fear.

"Silence, you!" Hago ordered, causing Zazu to become a shaky, nervous wreck again. Hago turned back to Scar. "What do you say, Scar? How about we share the kill?"

"I'm still getting the kingdom," Scar told him firmly.

Hago nodded. "Oh, of course. I wouldn't *dream* of arguing against you, especially after our last fateful encounter together." Hago turned to Bora. "We'll give Scar the kingdom, won't we, Bora?" He winked at him.

"Uh... is there something wrong with your eye?" Bora asked, not understanding the meaning of the wink Hago had given him. "Because you just winked at me for no reason."

Hago groaned. "You're not supposed to tell the whole world!"

"You're not a very trustworthy character, Hago," said Scar as he moved closer towards him. "I'm afraid you'll simply have to admit defeat, or die."

"Is that a threat?" Hago asked.

"No," Scar replied simply. "It's a *promise*. Now Hago, what are you going to do?" Scar glanced at his accompanying hyenas. "You are very hungry today, aren't you?"

"Very," Shenzi replied, inching closer towards Hago.

"Extremely," added Banzai, he too moving closer.

Ed just laughed manically, no different from usual.

Hago laughed nervously. "Well..." He suddenly pointed at something random behind Scar. "What's that over there?"

Scar and the three hyenas instantly turned around. Hago saw this as his opportunity and clobbered Scar over the top of the head with his staff, causing him to fall to the ground, unconscious.

Looking down at Scar, Shenzi, Banzai and Ed gasped, thinking Hago had knocked him out with some kind of magic spell.

"How did you do that?" Shenzi asked, amazed and rather scared at the same time.

"Uh..." Hago thought for a moment, an evil look appearing on his face. "With my *evil* magic!" he exclaimed, moving menacingly towards them.

The three hyenas backed away nervously, fearing Hago and the magic powers he possessed. Who knew what he could do to them next?

"Please don't hurt us," Banzai pleaded, fear evident in his eyes. "We're really sorry, man."

"Yeah," Shenzi nodded. "We're just following orders. Scar told us to do everything!"

Hago smiled evilly. "Get out of my sight, you miserable creatures, and don't come back! If you do, I might have to show you a few more of my powers!"

"Yes, sir!" Shenzi said before sprinting off, closely followed by Banzai and Ed. Hago chuckled, realising his problems were pretty much over.

Hago turned to his brother. "I sure showed those idiots. I knew I'd always triumph in the end!"

"Yeah. They sounded pretty scared of you," Bora commented.

"The first of many who will fear me. Soon everyone shall cower before me!" Hago declared, before letting out another one of his evil laughs.

Hago then felt a tap on his shoulder, and turned around. "Yes?"

Simba slashed Hago in the face, causing him to stagger backwards and fall onto the ground, knocked right out.

"Hey, that wasn't very nice!" Bora told the cub, before Simba quickly slashed him in the face too, causing Bora to react in exactly the same way as his brother did.

Simba smiled upon seeing the three villains splayed out on the ground. The day had been saved again!

"Is it over?" asked Zazu as he shakily stumbled towards Simba.

"Yes, Zazu, it's over," Simba replied, still a little angry at Zazu for being such a coward.

"My hero!" Nala exclaimed, joining Simba by his side.

"Ah, it was nothing."

"Well done, young master," congratulated Zazu. "I didn't think you quite had it in you."

"Well, I didn't think you would be such a chicken!" Simba teased.

"I am *not* a chicken!" Zazu argued.

"Yes, you are! I think I'll tell Dad about how you were going to just leave us to die so you could save your own butt."

Zazu laughed nervously. "Oh, Simba. You wouldn't tell your father such a thing... Would you?"

"Try me," Simba replied, grinning.

A smile formed on Zazu's beak when he remembered something. "If you tell your father then I'll have to let your little secret out, won't I?"

Simba's face dropped when he realised Zazu had him there. Stupid Zazu. Why did he even bother telling him these kind of things?

"Fine, Zazu," Simba muttered. "You win this time. I hope you're not going to take the credit for saving the Pride Lands, though."

"I wouldn't dream of it, young master. I'll always make sure you're given your thanks, when it's due, that is. I'm sure it'll score you a few more 'maturity points' with your parents."

Simba smiled, satisfied. "Good."

"Uh, guys," Nala interjected. "Just a little question. What are we going to do with...?"

Nala turned to look at Scar, Hago and Bora, but she saw that the three of them had completely vanished.

The End

AN: Oh, dear. The three villains live to fight another day. Until the next story, anyway. I'm sure you will all leave reviews, because you're so great at that kind of thing. Nothing else to say but keep an eye out for the next story! Bye for now!

NEXT TIME: The hyenas have failed Scar too many times, and he dismisses them forever, preferring to work alone. However, when the hyenas plot between themselves to take over the Pride Lands, Scar finds they are far more resourceful than he first thought...